

NATIONAL RECORDER.

Containing Essays upon subjects connected with Political Economy, Science, Literature, &c.; Papers read before the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia; a Record of passing Events; Selections from Foreign Magazines, &c. &c.

PUBLISHED, EVERY SATURDAY, BY LITTELL & HENRY, 74 S. SECOND STREET, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANN.

VOL. V. Philadelphia, June 2, 1821.

No. 22.

Miscellany.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE TEMPLE.

(Concluded from page 323.)

When the recollection of these ancient glories comes over me, I feel rejoiced and ashamed in the name of *Templar*. What is my paltry ambition? To draw a special plea so artificially, that, like Chaucer's *Sergeant of the Lawe*,

"Ther can no wight pinche at my writing—"

while the ambition of those (to use a legal phrase) *whose estate I have*, would have been beleaguering towns, and doing feats of chivalry. Oh, shame! the arm is wielding the pen, that should have brandished the sword; and the imagination is devising subtle schemes to entrap an unwary brother pleader, which should have been generating stratagems against the Saracen and the Crescent. The golden days of youth, which should have been passed on the arid plains of Syria, are wasted away in the dark monotony of a set of second-floor chambers. And what is the reward? It may be, after years of toil, *lucubrationes viginti annorum*—it may be, that my brows shall be shadowed with the pleasant curls of the judge's large wig—those brows, which should have been pressed with the weight of honourable steel. Nay, it may be, that one may approximate towards the ages of chivalry, and be endowed with the dignity of knighthood! But what a knight! How well suited to revive our notions of a Red-cross champion—shovel hat, brown scratch wig, court-dress coat, long black gaiters, a handsome walking-stick, and the gout! What would "the best lance of the Temple," the valorous Bois-Guilbert, have said, could he have lived to see this transformation? Six centuries have wrought a woful difference on the south of Fleet-street.

Still, however, there are delights left

to console us, though "the age of chivalry is departed for ever." Though the combat of shaft and of sword is over, a wordy war is still left us. The Templars may still engage in the "keen encounter of their wits;" and, if they cannot now sack towns, they may yet sack the cash of their clients. Many an unfortunate mortal becomes "the captive of their bow and spear;" and though they may not indeed now, as formerly, seize their prisoner with strong hand, and confine him in their own dungeon, they may yet conquer him with a slip of parchment. In the lapse of time, their tactics have become more intricate, and their warfare has assumed a more scientific and regular aspect. If the Red-cross warriors have extolled their profession, the black-robed gentlemen have bestowed equal commendation on theirs. "Pleading," says Lord Coke, "is so called from *placere*, because good pleading is the most pleasing of all things." And truly there is no mean delight in it. But when one thinks of the siege of Antioch, or Edessa, how villanously cheap does one hold the triumph of a special demurrer! In Ireland, indeed, they say a triumph of that kind is not without perils to enhance it, as the defeated pleader usually insists on arguing the demurrer with a pair of hair-trigger pistols; thus referring the point in question to the high tribunal of honour. I doubt whether the Templars themselves, even in the time of Hugh Paganus, ever displayed more valiantly pugnacious qualities. But in England, alas, you may demur with perfect safety.

Erasmus has written a *Moriæ Encomium*: why should I not write in praise of pleading, which I affirm to be the noblest science in the universe, comprising the essential qualities—the *flos et medulla*, of all other knowledge? It requires the head of the logician, the memory of the historian, the quick apprehension of the wit, the searching intellect of the mathematician, and the subtle imagina-

tion of the poet, to arrange, remember, seize, explore, and shape the thousand intricate points, which are the pleader's study. Sad and slow is his toil, but not mean his reward. "Oh! how comely it is, and how reviving," to discover a flaw in one's adversary's pleadings, and to add those delicious words to the end of one's demurrer, "and also for that the said pleas are altogether informal, insufficient, inefficient, incomplete, repugnant, ridiculous, and nonsensical." A great part of the pleasure of pleading consists in the danger of it—the circumstance which gives such charms to war. It is true, that the merchant runs great risks, and enjoys the pleasure of excitement very fairly on a windy night, when all his *argosies* are in jeopardy; but at the worst he can only lose his vile counters; while the reputation of a pleader is staked on the goodness of his writings. It is better than gambling, because the stakes are more hazardous than with ordinary adventurers: the pleader places his reputation against a seven-and-sixpenny fee every day. But the chief pleasure of all is the perpetual exercise, in which all the faculties of his mind are kept; he cannot allow his memory to grow dormant, nor his judgment, like Scriblerus's shield, to acquire a venerable rust. He must have all his eyes about him; and if, like Briareus, he had an hundred hands, they would not be too many to hunt a point through the Reports. If *quiet*, as Lord Byron insists, be a hell, then is he in heaven. Therefore I hold with my Lord Coke, that *benè placitare ante omnia placet*, now that the Red-cross is sunk in night.

It is pleasant, too, to live in chambers; there is an independence about it, which pleases one. Surely Smollett must just have taken a set before he wrote his celebrated Ode to that Power. When that large, thick, black outer door is shut, one feels as if one could hold a siege against the whole world. The oak is strong, and the bolts are heavy, and the hinges are stout. But their chief virtue is not in excluding thieves, who seldom venture amongst the lawyers, for whom they seem to have a natural sort of antipathy: it consists in their forming an insuperable barrier against those, who would rob us of our time or our patience. If this ponderous door be closed, the chambers are presumed to be empty, and thus the lie, which is usually put in the mouth of ser-

vants, is transferred to the back of the door, which, it is presumed, cannot incur thereby any moral guilt. He must, indeed, be a Sampson of a visiter, who would offer to penetrate in spite of this refusal. There are some persons, however, so insufferably patient and obstinate, that they will wait at your door for your return; and they are more apt to do this, in proportion as their mission is disagreeable. I have frequently remarked, that these persons are generally in the habit of calling a little after Christmas, and sometimes towards the middle of the year. In this case, I have found it useful to affix a small piece of paper to the back of your door, stating that you will return in two hours: this notice, as it bears no date, in the mind of him who is reading it, always denotes two hours from that time—a vigil rather too long, even for him. By this means one's meditations are not disturbed, and one gets rid of any displeasing requests, which at that season of the year might possibly be made to one.

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But we may reckon up some illustrious Templars in later days, amongst whom stands pre-eminent "that renowned, irresistible Sampson," Samuel Johnson. He had chambers in Inner Temple-lane, ill-furnished and uncomfortable enough, even for an author by profession. Murphy relates, that Mr. Fitzherbert, a man distinguished through life for his benevolence and other amiable qualities, used to say, that he paid a morning visit to Johnson, intending from his chambers to send a letter into the city, but, to his great surprise, he found this giant of literature without pen, ink, or paper. Here, he used to write his *Idler*, himself no bad illustration of the title of his work; for he would frequently lie in bed until three o'clock in the afternoon, and then saturate himself with tea for two or three hours, from that tea-kettle of his "which had no time to cool." "With tea he solaced the midnight hour, and with tea welcomed the morning." Hither also he used to convey those mysterious pieces of dried orange-rind, which so intensely excited the curiosity and wonder of Boswell, and the use of which remains to this day "a marvel and a secret—be it so." Here also he used to muse over his lost *Tetty*, and pray for her, "as far as it might be lawful for him;" and here his fits of morbid melancholy used to attack

him, which rendered life wretched, and death terrible. In these chambers, Murphy communicated to him the first news of his pension, and argued with him that he did not come within his own definition of a pensioner. But the lexicographer shook his head, and made a long pause: a dinner, however, at the Mitre the next day, overcame all his scruples, and he was pensioned accordingly. The Mitre was one of Johnson's favourite resorts, and many anecdotes of his visits there have been recorded by the tenacious memory of his toad-eater Boswell. Here, also, the enraged author levelled a folio at the head of Osborne the bookseller, for giving him the lie; and here, without doubt, he has been compelled to pass many a day *impransus*.

There is another person, whose shade I sometimes fancy I see flitting through the cloisters and along Pump-court to his ancient residence—poor, innocent, vain, clever Goldy! Goldsmith, when he first came to reside in the Temple, took chambers on the library staircase: he afterwards removed to King's Bench Walk:

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks.

And soon after he removed to No. 2, Brick-court; from whence his next removal was to a colder lodging—the Temple burial-ground. I almost fancied the other day, as I was passing through Brick-court, that I saw Oliver gazing out of the window of the first-floor chamber; but alas! it was some retainer of the law, who had probably never heard his name. He was ugly enough, however, to be mistaken for the doctor. In these chambers, probably, he meditated that dire revenge against the editor of the Ledger; and here perhaps he examined his horsewhip, to try whether it was tough and good. Here, he lived in disappointment, and died of Dr. James's powder. There is another man of genius also, who had chambers in the Temple for a short time—the young and accomplished Richard West, Gray's Favonius; but the dry dusty study of the law suited not with a spirit fondly attached to the elegance of classical pursuits. It could not be said of West, that

—“the smell

Of ancient parchment pleased him well.”

It did not please him, and he accordingly removed as far as he could from its influence. In one of his letters to Gray, he

says, “I lived in the Temple till I was sick of it. It is certain at least that I can study the law here (Bond-street), as well as I could there. My being in chambers did not signify to me a pinch of snuff.” Very improper all this.

If, indeed, there be any pleasure in high associations, in dwelling where the great have dwelt, and thus tracing back the steps of time to honourable antiquity—if there be any virtue in the memory of brave deeds, or any influence in the recollection of departed wisdom, then is the edifice, which contained the bravest and most learned of our ancestors, a pleasant dwelling-place; and when I leave it—hopeless to find another spot consecrated by so much valour and so much wisdom—it should be for some *angulus terræ*, some wood-girt corner, which the foot of soldier or of lawyer has never yet been known to press. E. R.

From the London Magazine.

ON RIDING ON HORSEBACK.

(Concluded from p. 235.)

For a minute or two I stood like one entranced; but when I recovered, the consternation that seized upon me as I saw her cantering away across the meadows, and the blank despair that came over me when she *disappeared*, are not to be described. My heart sinks within me even now, by the mere force of memory and imagination.—It was nothing less than tragic.

No circumstance of my life, either before or since, ever impressed itself upon my mind so vividly as this did—and yet my life has been since then “a strange eventful history.”—It is fifteen years ago; and yet I could at this moment go to the place, and fix my foot upon the very spot where she started from. I can see her now, in the very position in which she stood the moment before.—The sequel of the story is not worth relating. She was brought to me, safe and sound, about an hour after, by some countrymen who had caught her. I was too delighted to ask how or where, but mounted and rode home,—I verily believe without saying a cross word to her on the subject.—May I not claim a little credit for this placability of disposition?—for where is he, or even *she*, who would have done the like?—But the culprit *looked* repentant; and that was enough for me.—Pardon these egotisms, gentle reader!—

or rather rider—or rather both, (for I take it for granted that you *are* both, or you would not have accompanied me thus far)—but when a man is talking about his boyhood—that part of his boyhood, too, which was spent on horseback—what can be expected of him but egotism?

To take another wide leap, from the beginning of life to the end,—Montaigne somewhere says, that he should like to die on horseback much better than in bed. For once I am reluctantly compelled to differ from this most delightful of all talkers, living or dead—not excepting Mr. Coleridge, who is at present *both*.—But Montaigne was a Frenchman, and consequently had no notion of what we call *comfort*. To *live* on horseback, supposing it were practicable, would probably at once disprove the favourite axiom of all pedestrian sages from the beginning of the world up to the present day—that perfect happiness was not made for human beings. But even if it *were* practicable to live on horseback, it would, perhaps, be wise to make a provision against dying there. To die in a hard gallop, or a swinging trot, precludes all idea of comfort, or even respectability. If, indeed, we could ride out of one world into the other, it would be different: but this does not seem feasible. And yet they say, that if you “put a beggar on horseback he’ll ride to the devil.”

This proverb, though it probably somewhat exaggerates the fact, is highly characteristic of the state of feeling induced by riding. Think, too, of “*riding to the devil!*”—How much more satisfactory, and at the same time how much more safe, than going thither in Charon’s steam-boat, lighted with sulphuretted hydrogen gas!

There is another opinion of Montaigne’s respecting riding, with which I most unequivocally agree, viz. that those reflections are always the best which we make while on horseback. In furtherance of this view—I have been thinking, whether it would not be possible to invent a pen that should write—as Packwood’s razors will shave—on horseback at full speed. If this were but practicable, oh what a set of articles should these not be! It should go hard but I would “Witch the world with noble horsemanship!” And they should all appear in *THE LONDON MAGAZINE*, if it were only because the editor of that work is fond of riding.—“He too, is an equestrian.”* Indeed, one might swear he knows

how to ride, by his style of writing. At least when he is writing *con amore*. Then, he goes as a horse does on turf—making every step *tell*, and leave its mark, as he bounds gracefully and vigorously along; and even scattering the dirt handsomely.—On the other hand, when he happens to be writing *not con amore*, I must confess that his prose is apt to get up “on horseback,” and leave *him* behind.

As I foresee that, in the said gentleman’s editorial discretion, he is very likely to strike out the foregoing passage; and as I should not like to see this article in any respect “curtailed of its fair proportions;” I fairly warn him, that if he does strike it out, I shall consider that his fastidiousness arises more from the truth of the last sentence than from what he will be pleased to call the compliment of that which precedes it: for he would be more loath than any man I know to be thought capable of writing “prose on horseback” unintentionally.

If I now abruptly terminate this first paper, it is not because either I or my steed—that is to say, my article—require to take breath; but I think it likely that the readers of this hitherto Pedestrian Magazine, not having been accustomed to be carried along in a canter, may desire a relief of this kind.

Neither do I think it needful to apologize for the excursive nature of the path—or rather, the no-path—which I have taken, or may take hereafter. I fairly warned the reader in the beginning what he had to expect. An *iron-rail-way* may have its advantages; but it is not exactly the place one would choose for an afternoon’s ride. It is a contrivance well calculated for the removal of heavy weights by the application of an inferior force; but it is too hard, level, and uniform to suit the disposition of a steed or rider of any taste and spirit. In a road of this kind an old broken-down hack may do the work of half a dozen young vigorous horses on a common-road. But then, what is the work when it is done, but the removal of so much stones and rubbish?—Shall I confess that I have often participated in the wicked satisfaction of a set of mischief-loving young urchins, whom I have seen clap a pebble in the wheel track of a road of this kind, and then get behind the hedge and watch the coming of the next cargo? At length it approaches, in a dozen little machines drawn by one great horse, and looking like the whole wagon-train of Lilliput, hooked together, and drawn along by Gulliver.—Meanwhile the giggles from behind the hedge are begin-

* I, too, was an Arcadian.—*Greek Epitaph.*

ning to be audible. At last, the first wagon arrives at the fatal spot—bump goes the wheel over the ledge which kept it in its track—the whole procession stops—peals of unrepressed laughter burst from the concealed group—and the lumbering wagoner growls out his indignation, without being within reach of the cause of it.

—Stay, I'll preach to thee!—*Shakspeare.*

Thus are the schemes of science, the labours of industry, and the powers of brute strength, frustrated and brought to naught, by one little pebble, placed by the hand of one little boy!—and thus does the same event furnish at once reflection for the sage, amusement for the idler, and laughter for the child!!

I recommend the above profound reflection as an admirable text for the first IRON-RAIL-WAY WRITER, who may happen to be at leisure to take it in hand. And I strongly recommend the worthy proprietors of this magazine to purchase the fruit of the said text, (even though it should cost them twenty guineas a sheet)—and send it as a present to any rival work against which they may have a particular spite—if such there be.

In the meantime, I bid the reader farewell till we meet again. MAZEPPA.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

*Memoir of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart.
LL. D. President of the Royal Society, &c.*

(Concluded from p. 327.)

The researches, which led to the invention of the safety-lamp for coal mines, which has been so generally and successfully adopted throughout Europe, may justly be considered as the most important of all Sir Humphry Davy's labours, since they enabled him to provide the means of preserving many valuable lives, and preventing horrible mutilations more dreadful even than death. The frequency of such accidents, arising from the explosion of the fire-damp, or inflammable gas of the coal mines, mixed with atmospherical air, occasioned the formation of a committee at Sunderland, for the purpose of investigating the causes of these calamities, and of endeavouring to discover and apply a preventive. Sir Humphry received an invitation, in 1815, from Dr. Gray, one of the members of the committee; in consequence of which he went to the North of England, and visiting some of the principal collieries in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, soon convin-

ced himself that no improvement could be made in the mode of ventilation, but that the desired preventive must be sought in a new method of lighting the mines, free from danger, and which, by indicating the state of the air in the part of the mine where inflammable air was disengaged, so as to render the atmosphere explosive, should oblige the miners to retire till the workings were properly cleared. The common means then employed for lighting the dangerous part of the mines consisted of a steel wheel revolving in contact with flint, and affording a succession of sparks: but this apparatus always required a person to work it, and was not entirely free from danger. The fire-damp was known to be light carburetted hydrogen gas; but its relations to combustion had not been examined. It is chiefly produced from what are called blowers or fissures in the broken strata, near dykes. Sir Humphry made various experiments on its combustibility and explosive nature; and discovered, that the fire-damp requires a very strong heat for its inflammation; that azote and carbonic acid, even in very small proportions, diminished the velocity of the inflammation; that mixtures of the gas would not explode in metallic canals or troughs, where their diameter was less than one-seventh of an inch, and their depth considerable in proportion to their diameter; and that explosions could not be made to pass through such canals, or through very fine wire sieves, or wire gauze. The consideration of these facts led Sir Humphry to adopt a lamp, in which the flame, by being supplied with only a limited quantity of air, should produce such a quantity of azote and carbonic acid as to prevent the explosion of the fire-damp, and which, by the nature of its apertures for giving admittance and egress to the air, should be rendered incapable of communicating any explosion to the external air. These requisites were found to be afforded by air-tight lanterns, of various constructions, supplied with air from tubes or canals of small diameter, or from apertures covered with wire gauze, placed below the flame, through which explosions cannot be communicated; and having a chimney at the upper part, for carrying off the foul air. Sir Humphry soon afterwards found that a constant flame might be kept up from the explosive mixture issuing from the apertures of a wire-gauze sieve. He introduced a very small lamp in a cylinder, made of wire gauze, having six thousand four hundred apertures in the square inch. He closed all apertures except those of the gauze, and introduced

the lamp, burning brightly within the cylinder, into a large jar, containing several quarts of the most explosive mixture of gas from the distillation of coal and air; the flame of the wick immediately disappeared, or rather was lost, for the whole of the interior of the cylinder became filled with a feeble but steady flame of a green colour, which burnt for some minutes, till it had entirely destroyed the explosive power of the atmosphere. This discovery led to a most important improvement in the lamp, divested the fire-damp of all its terrors, and applied its powers, formerly so destructive, to the production of an useful light. Some minor improvements, originating in Sir Humphry's researches into the nature of flame, were afterwards effected. Experiments of the most satisfactory nature were speedily made, and the invention was soon generally adopted. Some attempts were made to dispute the honour of this discovery with its author, but his claims were confirmed by the investigations of the first philosophers of the age. The coal owners of the Tyne and Wear evinced their sense of the benefits resulting from this invention, by presenting Sir Humphry with a service of plate worth two thousand pounds.

In 1813, Sir Humphry was elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and vice-president of the Royal Institution; in 1817 one of the eight associates of the Royal Academy; in 1818 created a baronet, and during the last ten years he has been elected a member of most of the learned bodies of Europe. We regret that our limits preclude us from entering into the interesting details of Sir Humphry's travels in different parts of Europe for scientific purposes, particularly to investigate the causes of volcanic phenomena, to instruct the miners of the coal districts in the application of his safety-lamp, and to examine the state of the Herculanean manuscripts, and the remains of the chemical arts of the ancients. He analyzed the colours used in painting by the ancient Greek and Roman artists. His experiments were chiefly made on the paintings in the baths of Titus, the ruins called the baths of Livia, and in the remains of other palaces and baths of ancient Rome, and the ruins of Pompeii. By the kindness of his friend Canova, who is charged with the care of the works connected with ancient art in Rome, he was enabled to select with his own hand specimens of the different pigments that had been found in vases discovered in the ex-

cavations, which had then been lately made beneath the ruins of the palace of Titus, and to compare them with the colours fixed on the walls, or detached in fragments of stucco. His delicacy in selecting only minute portions of the colour, and from places where the loss was imperceptible, was so much approved, that Signor Nelli, proprietor of the celebrated Nozze Aldobrandini, liberally permitted him to make similar experiments on the colours employed in that valuable antique painting. The results of these researches were published in the Transactions of the Royal Society for 1815, and are highly interesting. The concluding observations, in which he impresses on artists the superior importance of permanency to brilliancy in the colours used in painting, are particularly judicious, and worthy of attention.

Towards the end of 1818, and in the beginning of 1819, he examined at Naples the Herculanean manuscripts, and soon declared his opinion, that they had not been acted upon by fire so as to be completely carbonized, but that their leaves were cemented together by a substance formed during the fermentation, and chemical change produced in a long course of years. He invented a composition for the dissolution of this substance, but could not discover more than from 80 to 100 out of 1265 manuscripts, which presented any probability of success.

On his return to England in 1820, his respected friend, the late worthy professor of the Royal Society died. Many discussions took place amongst the members respecting a proper successor. Several individuals of high, and even very exalted rank, were named as candidates; but the scientific part of the society justly considered this honour, the highest that a scientific man can attain in Britain, not as a proper appendage to mere rank and fortune, but as a reward for scientific merit. Amongst the philosophers whose labours have enriched the Transactions of the Royal Society, two were most generally adverted to, Sir Humphry Davy and Dr. Wollaston; but Dr. Wollaston, whose modesty is only equalled by his profound knowledge and extraordinary sagacity, declined being a candidate after his friend had been nominated, and received from the council of the society the unanimous compliment of being placed in the chair of the Royal Society, till the election by the body in November. A trifling opposition was made to Sir Humphry Davy's election, by some unknown persons, who pro-

posed Lord Colchester; but Sir Humphry was placed in the chair by a majority of nearly 200 to 13. For this honour no man could be more completely qualified. Sir Humphry is perfectly independent, and in circumstances, which enable him to support his office with dignity. He is acquainted with foreign languages, and extensively connected with foreign men of science. He possesses that general knowledge necessary for justly estimating all the different branches of science, and his reputation, in his own particular pursuits, is such as to place him above all jealousy.

The first president of the Royal Society, Lord Brownlow, was a professed mathematician; Sir Christopher Wren was a mathematician, a natural philosopher, and an architect: of Newton, the glory of his country and human nature, it would be difficult to say what he was not; but the strength of his genius was applied to natural philosophy. Sir Hans Sloane and Sir Joseph Banks were general benefactors to science, but their own pursuits were in natural history. Chemistry may be considered as the science of this age, and it is but fair that it should have a representative among the presidents of the Royal Society; nor can it be doubted that the dignity thus conferred on the science, in the person of its ablest professor, will have a beneficial effect in stimulating the researches of other philosophers in this most important branch of knowledge. There is ample scope for the most extensive genius and the most indefatigable labours, which will never fail of obtaining their reward, though they may not succeed so entirely or so rapidly as the exertions of Sir Humphry Davy. Few of those whose fame and fortune are of their own creation, enjoy like him, in the meridian of life, the enviable consciousness of general esteem and respect, and the certainty of a distinguished place in history, among the illustrious names of their country.

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

On the Poetical Features of New England.

We are gratified with the appearance of *Yamoyden*, for a reason distinct from that of its being an accession to the amount of good poetry. We are glad that somebody has at last found out the unequalled fitness of our early history for the purposes of a work of fiction. For ourselves, we know not the country or age which has such capacities in this view

as New England in its early day; nor do we suppose it easy to imagine any element of the sublime, the wonderful, the picturesque and the pathetic, which is not to be found here by him who shall hold the witch-hazel wand that can trace it. We had the same puritan character of stern, romantic enthusiasm of which, in the Scottish novels, such effective use is made, but impressed here on the whole face of society, and sublimed to a degree which it never elsewhere reached. The men who stayed by their comfortable homes to quarrel with the church and behead the king, were but an inferior race to those more indignant if not more aggrieved, who left behind them all that belongs to the recollections of infancy and the fortunes of maturer life,—institutions which they revered, and every association that clings to the names of home and country, to lay the foundations of a religious community in a region then far less known to them than the North Western Coast of our continent is now to us. Arrived at 'this outside of the world,' as they termed it, they seemed to themselves to have found a place, where the Governor of all things yet reigned alone. The solitude of their adopted land, so remote from the communities of kindred men that it appeared like another world,—a wide ocean before them, and an unexplored wilderness behind,—nourished the solemn deep-toned feeling. Man was of little account in a place, where the rude grandeur of nature bore as yet no trophies of his power. God in the midst of his stern magnificence seemed all in all; and with a warmer and devouter fancy than that which of old peopled the groves, the mountains and the streams, each with its tutelary tribe, they mused in the awful loneliness of their forests on the present deity, saw him directing the bolt of the lightning, and pouring out refreshment in the flood; throned on the cloud-girt hill, and smiling in the pomp of harvest. If ever the character of men has been seen more than any where else in powerful action of development, and operated on by the force of peculiar and strongly-moving causes, it was here. Nor, wrought on as all were by similar influences of place, fortune and opinion, was ever any thing produced like a lifeless, unpoetical monotony of character. Nothing could be more opposed to this than was the spirit of puritanism. Wrong or right, every thing about these men was at least promi-

ment and high-toned. Excitement was their daily bread, as it is other men's occasional luxury; and the diversities of character in this community, where, for the most part, people thought so much alike, were more strongly marked than they have often been in other places in the most violent conflicts of opinion. Here were consummate gentlemen and statesmen, like Winthrop,—dark unrelenting politicians, after the manner of Cromwell, like Sir Harry Vane; female heresiarchs of the stamp of Mrs. Hutchinson; scholars of the first name from the universities of Europe, captains from its fields, and courtiers from its capitals; soldiers, intrepid and adventurous like Standish and Church, the life-guard of the state; or part religionist, part bravo, and part buffoon like Updike Underhill, who, in the relation of his experiences, professed to have first discerned the inward light, 'when taking a pipe of the good creature, tobacco;' or scrupulous as much as loyal, like Endicot, the first governor, who dreaded not the king's enemies half as much as the scandal of the red cross on his colours. Here were noble ladies 'coming from a paradise of plenty and pleasure in the family of nobles into a wilderness of wants,' like lady Arabella Johnson, and Earl Rivers' grand-daughter, the minister's wife of Watertown; and missionaries like Eliot, making the loftiest spirit of adventure, the most unwearied industry, the noblest talents, and the profoundest learning, subsidiary to an ambition, which held out no prize but that of treasures in heaven. Here were clergymen in the magistracy, and magistrates in the desk; devotees to the established faith, and hankerers after a new; persons, who thought a toleration of state 'a scone built against the walls of heaven,' and others who were for having it to go to the extent of letting people run naked through the streets and into the churches. Here were men, who with a late chief magistrate, thought non-intercourse the specific to keep liberty in health; like Blaxton, who could no more endure the neighbourhood of the *Lords Brethren*, than the authority of the *Lords Bishops*, and Maverick, who lived in feudal state on Noddle's Island with his three *murtherers*, the fondling appellation he gave his cannon. Here were persons reputed to have a secret to keep, like Hugh Peters, said in the tattle of the day to have been the executioner of the king;

and exiles like Goff and Whaley, his judges, who had made acquaintance with every hiding-place, whether friend's cellar or hollow tree, from Massachusetts Bay to the Connecticut, and from Hadley to the Sound. All these varieties of character and many more were brought together under a religious commonwealth. To a religious model, by force or accord, every thing,—even relating to the most private and secular concerns,—was made as far as might be to conform; for 'noe man,' saith Mr. Cotton 'fashioneth his house to his hangings, but his hangings to his house.' Religion, politics, fashion and war never came elsewhere into so close companionship. The meeting-house and the armory were built side by side, as yet, by the force of old habit, they stand, the country through. A desperate courage and dexterity in arms were enjoined as religious duties. The old considered questions of polity at the meeting. The demure youth went from testifying with his mouth in the assembly to testify with his firelock in the field, and the muffled maiden lisped in biblical phrase her soft words of encouragement or welcome. Mingled with these, in small proportion it is true, but enough to justify an author in using them at his convenience, were adventurers, thrown hither at the very vortex of transatlantic dissipation,—of every soil, purpose, character,—citizens of the world, as free of it as the winds that bore them wherever pleasure or danger was to be met, or fortunes to be made by the ready wit or the strong hand,—factious and dissolute, or loyal, staid and serviceable, as the case might be,—men like Morton, the author of *New English Canaan*, a cavalier as true as ever felt his heart dance to the rattling of spurs and broad sword; or in a higher style, like Smith, a pure abstraction of chivalry, a very knight-errant as ever perilled his life for a lady's smile,—brave to a fault, and high minded to a miracle,—'the soul of council, and the nerve of war,'—a man who was engaged in more adventures than other people have read of, tracing the Nile at one time, and coasting the Chesapeake at another,—now thrown for a heretic into the sea, now saved by an Indian woman from the block, and now challenging an Ottoman army;

'Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,

And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India.'

To group with these characters, themselves strongly contrasted, developed in a situation entirely novel and splendidly romantic,—appealing to the mind by the force of all that is ridiculous or sublime in fanaticism, all that is interesting in danger, fascinating in the taste for adventure, elevating and touching in self-devotion, or awing in the power of religious faith,—there are the Indians, a separate and strongly marked race of men,—with all the bold rough lines of nature yet uneffaced upon them,—phlegmatic but fierce, inconstant though unimpassioned, hard to excite and impossible to soothe, cold in friendship and insatiable in revenge, yet, though manifesting little sensibility to the wonders of art, alive to the impressions of natural grandeur and beauty, and speaking even in their common affairs the rich language of a sententious poetry; a nation so identified with the hard, cold soil where they were found, as to exemplify the idea of lord Byron in his passionate apostrophe at the lake of Lemman.

'Let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee.'

He who shall give them their just place in poetry, will differ from any delineator of artificial manners almost as much as a landscape of Salvator Rosa differs from an artist's draught of a modern house. Their superstitions furnish abundant food to an imagination inclined to the sombre and terrible, their primitive habits admit of pathos in the introduction of incidents of private life, and in public there occurred events enough to find place for the imposing qualities of heroism. The attitude of the Indian tribes, for nearly a century after the landing at Plymouth, was one of high poetical interest. The prince saw his followers half alienated, the priest his faith supplanted, the patriot his race declining towards political annihilation; and innumerable must have been the designs of valour, endlessly discordant the counsels of interest, deep the forebodings of despair, bitter the menaces of vengeance, sharp the contests of discordant policy throughout that anxious period. And as to the resources, which a poet might find for description of natural scenery, he whose mind recurs,—as whose does not when poetical description

is named,—to the haunt of the northern muse,

'Stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child,
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,'

must remember, that compared with some of ours, Scottish rivers are but brooks, and Scottish forests mere thickets. And much more picturesque than even now was the land, when a line of thriving villages enclosed a space of Indian hunting ground, and rivers with banks all gay with vegetation, ran down into solitary lakes; when the cultivated farm was bounded with the boundless forests, when the wolf and red-deer found their way among the herds, and the Calvinist in his doublet and beaver crossed the path of the native in his peäg and plumes; when the little settlement read the fate of its twenty miles distant neighbour in the reddened sky, and men who had been honoured guests in the halls of nobles, slept without a tent to cover them in swamps, or nursed the sick Indian in his miserable hut.

Constitution of "The Fuel Savings Society of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia," as amended and adopted.

Whereas, the article of fuel constitutes an important item in the public and private expenditures for the support of the poor: And whereas, it is expedient to devise a mode, which, while it shall tend to diminish the increasing demands on the public beneficence, will also afford encouragement to industry and economy: And whereas, it has appeared to a number of persons who are disposed to adopt some adequate measure, that a Fuel Savings Society, conducted on proper principles, will answer the contemplated end, they have agreed, and do hereby agree, to associate themselves in a society, to be regulated by the following constitution:—

ARTICLE 1. The Society shall be known by the name and title of "The Fuel Savings Society of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia."

ARTICLE 2. The officers shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, Treasurer, and twelve additional Managers, who shall constitute a board, and shall be chosen annually by a majority of the members present, at an election, to be held on the third Monday of May, at such hour and place as they shall appoint; at which

time the report of the proceedings of the last year shall be read.

ARTICLE 3. The Board of Managers, of whom seven shall constitute a quorum, shall meet on the fourth Monday of every month, for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE 4. The City and Liberties shall be divided into districts, as follows, with a view to facilitate business. The City into four districts, to be denominated the Northeast, Northwest, Southeast, and Southwest, having Chesnut and Sixth streets for the lines of demarcation, the Northern Liberties to constitute two districts; to extend northward to the north boundary of the incorporated district, and to be divided by Third street; the district of Southwark to constitute two districts, having Third street for the dividing line, and Federal street for the southern boundary.

ARTICLE 5. The Board of Managers shall, at every stated meeting, appoint a committee of three members of the Society for each district, whose duty it shall be to use their influence with the poor, to make deposits, at offices to be provided by said committees in central situations. One of the committee to act as Treasurer, or to obtain a suitable person for that purpose, who shall deliver to every depositor when his or her deposits amount to one dollar, a pass-book, in which it shall be expressly stipulated, that the right of such depositor shall not be transferable; and shall be inserted on the one side, the amount of deposits made, with their dates; and on the other side, the quantity and price of fuel delivered, with the time of delivery,—and the said committees shall report their proceedings monthly to the Board.

ARTICLE 6. A Standing Committee of three Managers shall be appointed quarterly, whose duty it shall be to purchase the fuel at the lowest prices, and to provide places for storing the same; and shall superintend the distribution thereof, and shall report their proceedings at every stated meeting.

ARTICLE 7. The Treasurer shall receive all monies deposited in the several districts, place the same to the credits of the proper persons, and render an account thereof, at every stated meeting of the Board of Managers. He shall, before entering on the duties of his office, give security in a sum to be approved of and determined on by the Managers, for the faithful performance of his trust, and his accounts shall be examined annually, or oftener, if required.

ARTICLE 8. Any poor person may deposit weekly at the office in the district, in which he or she may reside, any sum, not less than twelve and an half cents; provided the aggregate amount of deposits made by an individual shall not exceed twenty dollars in a year; and every depositor shall, in the winter, be entitled to fuel to the amount of his or her deposits, at costs and necessary expenses incurred by the Managers: provided that no person shall draw more than half a cord of wood, or its equivalent of other fuel, within any term of ten days, except by the consent of the Standing Committee.

ARTICLE 9. No deposits shall be received after the first day of November in each year, to entitle the depositor to any of the fuel purchased during the preceding season, the prices at which the fuel has been purchased, and the expenses attending it, will be published; as also the sum to be charged per cord, or the standard measurement, to the depositors, at least one week before the delivery of the fuel, which shall continue the same throughout the season.

ARTICLE 10. Any person who may be elected by the Board of Managers, and returned to the Secretary of the Society, by signing the constitution, shall be considered duly elected a member thereof.

ARTICLE 11. Neither the officers nor Managers shall receive directly nor indirectly, any compensation for their services, nor shall they be responsible for any loss whatever.

ARTICLE 12. No alteration shall be made in the foregoing articles, unless proposed at one stated meeting of the Board, and concurred in at another, and finally confirmed by the Society, at a special meeting, to be convened for that purpose, or at the annual meeting, if it may be more convenient, on which occasions a majority of votes of the members present shall decide the question.

At an election held for officers on the 21st May, 1821, the following named persons were duly elected, viz.

Robert Ralston, *President*—James M. Broom, Esq. and Thomas Rogers, *Vice Presidents*—Lindsay Nicholson, *Treasurer*—George Heyl, Esq. *Secretary*.

Managers.—Dr. Thomas D. Mitchell; Lawrence Lewis; Anthony M. Buckley; Edward Needles; George Morris; Frederick Erringer; Randal Hutchinson, Esq.; William Mason Walmsley; Dr. Benjamin H. Coates; Joseph Parker; Samuel C. Bunting; Joseph M. Truman.

From the Raleigh Register.

ON MILITIA MUSTERS.

To the Hon. the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina.

GENTLEMEN: I hereby tender you my resignation of the office of major general of the militia of North Carolina.

On this occasion I beg leave to offer to your view some considerations in regard to the militia, which I deem of much importance to the best interests of the community.

Exertions to discipline the militia have been perseveringly made for thirty years. Instructions have been given and penalties inflicted. Laws and regulations have multiplied without end. Every where men of zeal and talent, impelled by the powerful motives of public interest, and individual distinction, have afforded their aid—and what has been the result? The militia are now, in point of efficiency, exactly as they were when these mighty efforts commenced, and thirty years more of experience would only go to prove, that the proud spirit of freemen is not to be broken down into the machinery which constitutes the efficiency of a regular army. Nor is it in my opinion, in any point of view desirable that it should be. Bunker's Hill, King's Mountain and New Orleans, will for ever attest that the ardour of patriotism, and the regard for individual character, that is so dear to honourable minds, will give an impetus to a militia force that will overwhelm the frigid order of regular troops. If warfare is protracted, discipline will in due time supply the place of this resistless but transient ardour. And I hazard nothing by the assertion, that one week in actual service will do more for discipline than the whole life of a man who is dragged from his family half a dozen times in the year to expose his health to the elements, his awkwardness to the public gaze, and his morals to the contamination of electioneering treats.

If no real good is effected, are no positive evils produced? Fifty thousand men drawn away from their homes and occupations six times in the year, deduct from the useful business of life, labour that is worth, at a moderate estimate, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars! In other words, the industry of North Carolina is annually taxed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for an unattainable object. No substantial benefits are obtained, and the injury inflicted upon property and morals is incalculable.

I would therefore, take the liberty re-

spectfully to recommend, as a measure eminently calculated to promote the public weal, that the militia be restricted to muster but once in the year, and then merely to continue their organization, and to bring officers and men to a knowledge of each other.

These observations are the result of a deliberate judgment, formed with all the lights afforded with twenty-four years of experience in different offices in the militia—on muster grounds in the halcyon days of peace, and in the tented field in the stormy season of war. None will consider them as intended to apologize for any former deficiency of zeal in myself. I entered the militia service with the most sanguine expectations of introducing reform, and when in the legislature, my most strenuous exertions to promote the same object were sustained by the confidence of success. But the sober lessons of experience have taught me the futility of all such hopes and attempts, not only here, but in every state where I have a knowledge of the militia.

"In peace to prepare for war" is a good maxim, but at all times to inculcate the principles and promote the arts of peace, is a better. The expense of means misapplied to promote the first object, would, if properly directed, do much to advance both: and from the enlightened and liberal principles which are prevailing, and from better estimates being now made than heretofore of all the objects of human ambition, I look forward with pleasing anticipations to the more improved condition of human society in all its relations—to the lessened frequency and mitigated horrors of war, and to the multiplied embellishments and increased enjoyments of peace.

In tendering this resignation, which will probably be the last official act of my life, I cannot withhold an expression of the deep sense of gratitude I feel for the honours the legislature and the constituted authorities of the state have bestowed upon me, especially for the office I now abandon, and for giving me, in virtue of it, the command of the military force of the state, when called into service at an interesting period of the late war, affording me thereby an opportunity of demonstrating my zeal for the public welfare. CALVIN JONES.
Raleigh, December 22, 1820.

LITERARY CONVERSAZIONE.

It will be seen, by a paragraph in our literary and scientific intelligence,

that a gentleman of wealth and education is about to establish a weekly meeting at his house, as a point of communication between the literary and scientific men residing in the metropolis, and the distinguished strangers and foreigners who may happen to be visiting it from time to time.

On the mere announcement of this intention, it will instantly strike almost every one, that such a meeting, conducted on a liberal and extensive scale, has long been a most desirable addition to the society of London. What other great metropolis of Europe is without several such meetings as the one in contemplation?—and in what other metropolis are meetings of this kind so much needed, or so likely to be attended by effects, at once honourable to the promoter, gratifying to the partaker, and beneficial to the interests of science, literature, and art?

We are not acquainted with the exact plan on which the proposed meeting is to be conducted; but as the wealth and character of Mr. Webb insure the absence of all petty views, and all party intrigue and cabal, we receive, and promulgate the announcement of it with great pleasure, because we anticipate from it unmingled good. One thing, however, we would venture to suggest—namely, that the meeting be made more miscellaneous than such assemblies have usually been in this country: that it be more assimilated to meetings of a like nature on the continent, and particularly in Paris. It gives a zest and spirit to the conversation of literary and scientific men, when they feel that they are in the presence and under the observation of persons of totally different views and habits from themselves; and by whom their remarks are likely to be regarded with more than ordinary curiosity and interest, on account of the novelty of receiving them directly from their own lips, instead of through the somewhat chilling, because formal, medium of the press.

We cannot help anticipating very extensive benefits, even to the general state of society in London, by the establishment of such meetings as that in contemplation, provided they are conducted in the spirit, and with the effect, of which they are susceptible.

We should have considerable hesitation in recommending the introduction of females to these kinds of meetings in this

country—because there is something in the character of English women essentially inimical to that *display*, which is not merely excusable, but desirable, on these occasions. But, certainly, the annals of the world tell of nothing half so brilliant and attractive,—and at the same time, so influential on literature and art,—as the meetings of this nature which were the boast of the French metropolis, about the middle of the last century: and it must not be forgotten, that *women* contributed a good part of the soul, and *all* the heart, to those meetings. [*Lond. Mag.*]



From Tancoigne's Journey into Persia.

THE PERSIAN NOBLEMAN.

Enervated in early life by the heat of the climate, and by marriages contracted previous to the age in which man attains his full vigour, the rich and powerful Persians spend their lives between idleness, debauchery and effeminacy. Covered with vermin under their dresses of gold cloth, they might be, in some respects, compared to a nation less distant from us, and which has become celebrated for its indolence and filthiness. But, every thing in this world is in a state of contrariety: as much as they neglect the cleanliness of their persons, so much do they attach importance to that of their houses; their court-yards are kept nicely swept, their carpets and the felts that serve them as seats, carefully beaten, and they never enter an apartment without leaving their slippers at the door!

The Persian rises at daybreak, and first recites his morning prayer, generally aloud; then, if a nobleman or public functionary, he leaves his harem and goes into the first court of his house, where he gives audience, during an hour, to his vassals and dependents. At eleven o'clock his breakfast is served up, and consists of bread, cheese, raw herbs or fruits, all on a tray of tinned copper. He afterwards washes his hands and beard, takes a cup of coffee, smokes a kalioun, and goes to the selam of the king. If he be a trader, or one who has no public business to transact, he goes to the bazars to attend to his profession, or remains unoccupied at home. At noon he says his second prayer, and at two o'clock, especially in summer, he shuts himself up and sleeps until four or five. At sunset he performs his third ablution and last prayer, and places

himself at table to dine. This latter meal is composed of meats cooked in various ways, vegetables and fruits: the solid or principal dish is always the pilaw, which he eats without bread.

PERSIAN LADIES.

I imagine that intrigue must be more rare here than in any other part of the world: the Persians have taken every precaution against it, and their jealousy is seldom overreached. An adventure which happened, a few days ago, to several individuals of the embassy, and which was near being destructive to them, will serve as an example of what I have just said. Our friends were walking quietly in a garden, without any notion of plotting against the honour of the master of the house; the door of a bath being half open, excited their curiosity; they entered, and a few paces farther brought them into the midst of a harem, which they had no idea of finding so near. Suddenly the women uttered loud shrieks; the eunuchs and slaves armed themselves with axes and daggers, and our comrades, who in their surprise had still sufficient time to draw their swords to defend themselves, finding all the entrances fastened, could escape from the jealous fury of those menacing Argusses only by scaling the walls. This was more than sufficient to cure a propensity to intriguing in Persia! As yet we know nothing of the harems, except from pictures, one of which, representing an interior, has been given to me by a native artist.

At Kasbinn the author for the first time, had the good fortune to be able to contemplate a Persian lady without interruption; but this was only for the short space of a few minutes. From the terrace of our house, there was a view of the interior of a harem, and we discovered a young beauty there shining in all the charms of youth! She was covered with diamonds, and wore a blue Cachemere shawl on her head, the folds of which falling gracefully on her shoulders, intermixed with her beautiful hair. Only think of the effects of Persian jealousy; it was absent but a moment; for on the attendants perceiving that our attention was constantly turned towards the blessed spot, the consoling object was immediately withdrawn from our view. Full of the pleasing ideas inspired by such a sight, we left Kasbinn the next morning.

FROM A PERSIAN BOOK.

A king was old and sick. An express arrived announcing, that, with God's help, his army had taken a fortress, and made a great number of prisoners. "That is not good news for me," he replied. "For whom then is it?" the messenger inquired. "For my enemies, that is to say, for my heirs. Alas! I have passed my whole life in the hope that all my desires would be accomplished; my wishes are realized, but what benefit have I obtained from them, since I cannot hope to regain my past time! The hand of death has struck the signal of departure on his drum: oh, my two eyes, take leave of my head! oh, palms of my hands! oh my shoulders! oh my arms! say all of you farewell to each other. The enemy of happiness, death, is fallen on me. Oh my friends! ye will all make this passage! I have spent my days in ignorance, and I have not been conscious of it. Think well of this."

A wicked man who had risen in life, threw a stone at the head of a philosopher. The latter, incapable of revenging himself, picked up the stone and preserved it until it should be required. It happened that a short time afterwards the king withdrew his favour from the bad man, and confined him in prison. The philosopher then went to seek him, and in his turn threw the stone at him. "Who art thou, and why dost thou commit this injury on me?" the other inquired. I am such a one, he replied, and this stone is the same which at such a period thou threwest at my head. "Where hast thou been since that time?" added the bad man.—"I feared thee much when thou wert in place; but the moment I saw thee in chains, I thought I ought to seize the opportunity to revenge myself."—When a wicked man is prosperous, it is wise to give way to him; it would then be dangerous to contest matters. Any man who opposes merely his arm to a sword, runs the risk of losing his arm. Wait patiently to avenge thyself, until time shall enchain the hand of the wicked, and then satisfy thy friends and thyself by lowering his head.

Extracts from the British Review.

Belzoni's Discoveries in Egypt and Nubia.

The great antiquity of Egypt, the various revolutions which it has undergone,

the wonders of its great river, its pyramids, and other amazing monuments of magnificence, have long been the admiration of the world, and the object of curious and inquisitive research. Notwithstanding much has been done by Norden, Pococke, Shaw, Denon, Hamilton, Legh, Burkhardt, and others, whose general accounts of Egypt have left scarcely any thing to be desired concerning its manners and customs; yet it was reserved for the zealous and persevering efforts of Mr. Belzoni to achieve what his predecessors could not accomplish, and to bring to light many valuable and hidden stores of Egyptian antiquity. The celebrity and success of his exertions long preceded his return into Europe, though some petty attempts were made, in certain French journals, to deprive him (in part at least) of his well-earned reputation: and the perusal of his volume will not disappoint the expectations of curiosity.

Mr. Belzoni is a native of Padua, descended from a family originally from Rome. Compelled by the troubles of Italy, in 1800, to quit the place of his birth, he passed his younger days in the former abode of his ancestors, where he was preparing to become a monk: but the sudden entrance of the French army into Rome checked the course of his education, and made him a wanderer ever since. Having spent nine years in England, he proceeded to the south of Europe; and, at Malta, meeting with an agent of the Pasha, (or, as Mr. Belzoni invariably terms him, the Bashaw) of Egypt, he embarked for Alexandria, on a project of constructing hydraulic machines, for which his previously acquired knowledge peculiarly qualified him, in order to irrigate the fields by an easier and more economical system than that which is at present in use in that country.

"The Bashaw is in continual motion, being sometimes at his citadel, and sometimes at his seraglio in the Esbakie; but Soubra is his principal residence. His chief amusement is in the evening a little before sunset, when he quits his seraglio, and seats himself on the bank of the Nile, to fire at an earthen pot, with his guards. If any of them hit it, he makes him a present, occasionally of forty or fifty rubles. He is himself an excellent marksman; for I saw him fire at and hit a pot only fifteen inches high, set on the ground on the opposite side of the Nile, though the river at Soubra is considerably wider than the

Thames at Westminster Bridge. As soon as it is dark, he retires into the garden, and reposes either in an alcove, or by the margin of a fountain, on an European chair, with all his attendants round him. Here his numerous buffoons keep him in continual high spirits and good humour. By moonlight the scene was beautiful. I was admitted into the garden whenever I wished, by which means I had an opportunity of observing the domestic life of a man, who from nothing rose to be viceroy of Egypt, and conqueror of the most powerful tribes of Arabia.

"From the number of lights I frequently saw through the windows of the seraglio, I supposed the ladies were at such times amusing themselves in some way or other. Dancing women are often brought to divert them, and sometimes the famous Catalini of Egypt was introduced. One of the buffoons of the Bashaw took it into his head one day, for a frolic, to shave his beard; which is no trifle among the Turks; for some of them, I really believe, would sooner have their head cut off than their beard: he borrowed some Franks' clothes of the Bashaw's apothecary, who was from Europe, and, after dressing himself in our costume, presented himself to the Bashaw as a European, who could not speak a single word either of Turkish or Arabic, which is often the case. Being in the dark, the Bashaw took him for what he represented himself to be, and sent immediately for the interpreter, who put some questions to him in Italian, which he did not answer; he was then questioned in French, but no reply; and next in the German and Spanish languages, and still he was silent: at last, when he saw they were all deceived, the Bashaw not excepted, he burst out in plain Turkish, the only language he was acquainted with, and his well known voice told them who he was; for such was the change of his person, particularly by the cutting off his beard, that otherwise they could scarcely have recognised him. The Bashaw was delighted with the fellow; and, to keep up the frolic, gave him an order on the treasury for an enormous sum of money, and sent him to the Kaciabay, to present himself as a Frank, to receive it. The Kaciabay, started at the immensity of the sum, as it was nearly all that the treasury could furnish: but upon questioning this new European, it was soon perceived who he was. In this attire he went home to his women, who actually thrust him out of the door; and

such was the disgrace of cutting off his beard, that even his fellow buffoons would not eat with him till it was grown again.

"The Bashaw seems to be well aware of the benefits that may be derived from his encouraging the arts of Europe in his country, and had already reaped some of the fruits of it. The fabrication of gun-powder, the refining of sugar, the making of fine indigo, and the silk manufacture, are introduced, much to his advantage; he is constantly inquiring after something new, and is delighted with any thing strange to his imagination. Having heard of electricity, he sent to England for two electric machines, one with a plate, the other with a cylinder. The former was broken by the way; the latter was dismounted. The physician of the Bashaw, an Armenian, did not know, though it was so easy a matter, how to set it up. Happening to be at the garden one evening, when they were attempting it, and could not succeed, I was requested to put the several pieces together; and, having done so, I made one of the soldiers mount on the insulating stool, charged the machine, and gave the Turk a good shock; who, expecting no such thing, uttered a loud cry, and jumped off, as much terrified as if he had seen the devil. The Bashaw laughed at the man's jumping off, supposing his fright to be a trick, and not the effect of the machine; and when told, that it was actually occasioned by the machine, he affirmed positively that it could not be, for the soldier was at such a distance, that it was impossible the small chain he held in his hand could have such power. I then desired the interpreter to inform his Highness, that if he would mount the stool himself, he would be convinced of the fact. He hesitated for a while whether to believe me or not; however he mounted the stool. I charged well, put the chain into his hand, and gave him a pretty smart shock. He jumped off, like the soldier, on feeling the effect of the electricity; but immediately threw himself on the sofa in a fit of laughter, not being able to conceive how the machine could have such power on the human body."

Poetry.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

How many lift the head, look gay, and smile
Against their consciences? *Young.*

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close conceal'd,

We shrink; lest looks or words impart
What must not be reveal'd.

'Tis hard to smile, when one could weep,—
To speak, when one would silent be,—
To wake, when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony!

Yet such the lot by thousands cast
Who wander in this world of care;
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

But Nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come;
And Time guides with unerring feet,
The wearied wand'ers home.

From the London Literary Gazette.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

When shall we meet again,—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever?
When will our hearts repose,
Safe from each blast that blows?
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no never!

Pride's unrelenting hand
Soon will divide us;—
Moments like these be bann'd,—
Trysting denied us.
Force may our steps compel—
Hearts will not say farewell:
Can power affection quell?
Never, no never!

By the thrice-hallowed past,—
Love's tenderest token;—
By bliss, too sweet to last,—
Faith, yet unbroken;—
By all we're doomed to bear;
By this sad kiss and tear,
I will forget thee, dear,
Never, no never!

If thou'rt as true to me,
Firm and fond-hearted,
Hate's dull desires will be,
Half of them, thwarted.
When shall we meet again?
When shall we meet again?
In this wild world of pain!
Never, no never!

But where no storms can chill,
False friends deceive us;
Where with protracted thrill,
Hope cannot grieve us;
There with, the 'pure of heart,'
Far from Fate's venom'd dart,
There we may meet to part,
Never, no never!

1815.

A. A. W.

Science.

Compiled for the National Recorder.

On the Antiseptic power of Pyroligneous Acid.

As I am not aware that any experiments
have as yet been published, wherein meat

preserved by means of the pyroligneous acid was subjected to the test of a sea voyage and a hot climate, I have taken the liberty of sending you an account of the following trial, if you deem it worth your notice.

Having previously made several experiments with the above named acid, the results of which were favourable, on the 6th of October, 1819, I prepared two pieces of fresh meat (beef) with the purified acid, applying it lightly over their surfaces by means of a small brush. After hanging up in my kitchen till the 12th of November following, I gave one of the specimens to the captain of a vessel bound for the West Indies, with directions to observe and note any change that might take place during his voyage, and to bring it back to me on the return of his ship to port. In the month of October, 1820, he restored me the specimen. He had examined it several times on the voyage out, and during his stay of some months at the island of Tobago, as did several gentlemen resident there, but no perceptible change could be detected. On comparing it with the specimen kept at home, I could observe no sensible difference in their appearance. On the 21st December following, I caused both to be thoroughly boiled, and, when served up, they were declared by several gentlemen who tasted them with me, to be perfectly fresh and sweet, and, with the addition of salt and vegetables, a palatable and wholesome dish.

The above experiment, I think fully proves the antiseptic powers of the pyroligneous acid, my specimens having been preserved for the space of fourteen months, and one of them subjected to a long sea voyage, and the action of a West India climate, with success.

I have, for the purpose of verifying the foregoing experiment, again prepared two specimens, the one mutton and the other beef, and sent them out to the same island, with similar directions, and I make no doubt of the result being equally satisfactory. I remain, &c.

J. STANLEY

Whitehaven, Feb. 7. 1821.

Munich.—The German Journal, entitled *Morgenstätt*, gives the following view of the actual state of public instruction in Munich.

The college and the Lyceum are both devoted to classical instruction, containing at the commencement of the present year about 1000 students. The elementary and popular schools were frequent-

ed by 5200 children. The gratuitous Sunday schools established within 25 years, for female servants and other young girls who have received no elementary instruction, nor learned to work with a needle. These schools, of such vast moral utility, had above 1000 pupils. The schools of the same character for boys, where they learn not only to read, write and calculate, but also the elements of drawing and practical mechanics, were frequented by 1380 apprentices, and 35 of their companions, of all professions. From this view, it is evident no individual remains in Munich without instruction, since in a population of 40,000, near 9000 attend the public schools.

The College of Chios, in the Mediterranean, continues to prosper. The physical and mathematical sciences, belles lettres, the Greek, Latin and French languages, moral philosophy, drawing, &c. are successfully taught. The number of students is 476. Many of them are from Peloponnesus, Cephalonia, and the islands of the Archipelago; and what is remarkable, two young men have come from America to study the language of Homer in the capital of Chios, one of the seven cities which contend for the glory of having given him birth. Mr. Varvaki, a native of Ispare, not far from Chios, and a rich Greek merchant, has contributed 6000 dollars for the use of the college, beside a great number of books.

Gas Illumination has been introduced into one of the districts of Paris with the best effects under the judicious direction of M. Darcet. The Hospital of St. Louis, which contains 700 patients, is finely lighted by it; as also the Hospital for Incurables, in Rue des Recollets; and the Maison de Santé, Rue St. Denis; and the Pusion de St. Lazare. Three hundred lights are sufficient for the Hospital of St. Louis. The gas is obtained by the distillation of coal.

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